

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1899.

NUMBER 89.

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Owner and Editor.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

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## THE FOURTH KENTUCKY.

Pres. Norris, Who Now Holds the Place  
of Courts-Martial Stenographer, Says  
"They Want Out" of the Service.

CAMP SHIPP, ANNISTON, ALA.,  
December 17, 1898.

Editor HERALD: This leaves us well,  
and all the Wolfe boys the same, and at  
this time living in expectancy of that  
much happy day called "pay day."

Having gotten our reputation on the  
list as a somewhat stenographer, we are  
saved the hardships of camp life in its  
various details by being engaged as re-  
porter in the various courts-martial,  
which from time to time convene in this  
division. We have been transferred  
from company, regiment and camp to  
division headquarters in the city, where  
we are stenographer for three different  
courts-martial, and once more live like a  
gentleman by sleeping in a nice warm  
room and eating in a restaurant, and in  
a measure enjoy civil life. Our extra  
pay is little, but the improvement in  
living and keeping in practice in the line  
we must fall back on when out of the  
service, and the recommendations we  
will command amply, for the present,  
recompenses us for the deficiency in pay.

A general court-martial is a very  
unique, as well as a formal body. No  
less than five members can constitute a  
quorum, but they mostly run to ten  
members, and sometimes to the highest,  
thirteen. It is strictly secret, no one  
being allowed in outside of the regular  
make up the court but the accused sol-  
dier, his counsel and the witness, a senti-  
nel or two at the door who bring the  
accused from his regiment. An orderly  
is also inside ready to call a witness, and  
generally wait on the court. The mem-  
bers are picked from various regiments,  
being colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants. A citizen counsel cannot be  
employed to represent the accused, but  
must be a commissioned officer.

Lieutenant Colonel Murray, of the  
Fourth Kentucky, is president of one of  
the courts, and other officers of the  
Fourth are members of the various  
courts. The judge advocate conducts  
the examination and prosecutes just as a  
prosecuting attorney. When an objec-  
tion is made, "the court is closed" and  
all have to retire, even the judge advo-  
cate, leaving the court itself alone to  
pass on it. When it has reached a deci-  
sion the announcement at the door is  
made that "the court is open," and its  
decision given. The accused, nor even  
the judge advocate, knows a verdict for  
perhaps two or three weeks as the record  
has to go before a reviewing board of  
high army officials before a verdict is  
made known.

Some three weeks ago I reported a  
case against a lieutenant which employed  
134 typewritten pages, and for which he  
gave me \$25.00. A strong fight was made  
against him, but he was "honorably ac-  
quitted."

We do not yet know our destiny but  
think we will be mustered out in the  
early spring and be allowed to return to  
old Kentucky. If we are, of course the  
writer will have to visit Wolfe county  
with her now absent boys, and we know  
there can be an apology by her people  
if we proceed for a day or two to paint  
that section a crimson hue.

There are now six regiments here, or  
about 7,000 soldiers, and of course blue  
coats are a common thing. The weather  
is pleasant. I am writing tonight in the  
third story of a building with my coat  
unbuttoned and the window up, while  
no doubt you all are freezing.

I saw old man Bill Osborn the other  
day as he lay a corpse in the undertak-  
er's shop, and while he looked as natural  
as he did at 5 o'clock the evening he was  
killed, when I had a twenty minutes'  
talk with him, yet, his wounds presented  
an ugly sight and made the killing look  
very suspicious to many of us, yet his  
slayer was acquitted in the examining  
court yesterday on the plea of self-  
defense. It made me feel sad to look at  
him, and I remember when I left him in  
a crowd in the street the last thing I  
heard him say. He was telling a joke  
on some Rose in Wolfe county. It has  
been reported that he was seen recently  
with quite a sum of money and many  
think he was killed for it, but I don't  
know. I always liked the old gentleman,

and am sorry for his tragic ending. I  
think his remains were sent to Kentucky.

My comrades of my company hated to  
see me leave them and bade me God  
speed, by all of whom, as well as hun-  
dreds of the regiment, I am liked because  
of my bold defense in publicly contra-  
dicting vile misrepresentations about us  
all. I can return to the regiment when  
I desire, but don't think I will unless we  
are ordered to Kentucky to be released.  
Then I will go in "double time" and  
shoulder my knapsack, canteen, gun,  
etc., to be in line when "forward march"  
is given.

I go out and visit the boys quite often,  
and am always welcomed, and we have  
a "rollicking" good time "rough hous-  
ing," etc.

Best wishes to THE HERALD, to my  
Wolfe county friends, and for free silver  
at 16 to 1.

Truly yours,  
W. PRESTON NORRIS.

## OUR COLORED CITIZENS

Out Do Their White Friends In Having a  
Creditable Christmas Tree.

The colored people of this town and  
vicinity were far more public spirited  
than the whites in celebrating Christmas,  
as evidenced by the handsome Christmas  
tree and its profusion of pretty pres-  
ents on Christmas Eve night. The tree  
was erected in one of the upstairs rooms  
of the residence of Charley Mayberry  
and wife, and was tastefully and hand-  
somerly dressed. An elegant entertain-  
ment, consisting of vocal music, recita-  
tions, etc., preceded the distribution of  
the presents, and the program was quite  
an entertaining one. The tree was liter-  
ally loaded down with presents, and all  
the colored people for miles around were  
in attendance. "Everybody," said our  
reporter, "went away with arm loads of  
present: I hardly know who had the  
most, as 'all coons look alike to me.'"  
Miss Sarah Ison, who for over a year  
has had charge of the culinary depart-  
ment of THE HERALD household, fotch  
home a market basket full of presents,  
all of which were the gifts of friends  
outside the family, and her betrothed,  
Noah Taylor, the "Deau Brumel" of the  
blacks, truged home under all the pres-  
ents he could tote. Many others fared  
quite as well, and no one went away  
empty handed. Many of our young  
white people were present, and those  
with whom we have talked say the en-  
tertainment, the tree and the conduct of  
the crowd, which packed the house, tri-  
unely taken was as good as any ever seen  
in this section, and an example worthy  
of emulation. Not a drunken person  
was present, no loud or lascivious lan-  
guage was indulged in, and altogether it  
was a recherche affair of which our col-  
ored citizens should ever feel justly  
proud. Especially so since the white  
people, much more able, did not essay an  
entertainment nor cheer the children of  
the community with a Christmas tree.  
Many persons there probably spent the  
last penny they possessed to make a gift  
to some friend or relative. But the hap-  
piness in doing so doubtless compensated  
them for the hunger they subsequently  
suffered for want of hog and hominy,  
and that was satisfaction sufficient. Eat,  
drink and be merry is an Afro-American  
axiom, and where on earth is there a  
race who find more enjoyment or can  
the better claim that life is worth living?

The Ladies' Birthday Almanac for 1899  
is being distributed in our city this week.  
This publication is so different from the  
ordinary cheap patent medicine almanac  
that it has become very popular, and now  
has a circulation of 15,000,000 copies an-  
nually. Astronomer Bradford's accurate  
calculations showing the time the sun  
rises and sets, moon's phases, eclipses,  
&c., DeVoe's celebrated weather fore-  
casts for every day in the year indicated  
by a unique system of patent weather  
signals, practical garden and farm hints  
for each month and birthday proverbs  
for every day, are among the best fea-  
tures. All holidays and fixed and mov-  
able festivals are prominently shown.  
In fact, the editor of this little almanac,  
who we understand is a successful news-  
paper man of long experience, has given  
the public a book that will be found  
valuable in any home. Our readers who  
have not received a copy of the 1899  
edition, can get it of their merchant, or  
by sending their address to the Ladies'  
Birthday Almanac, Chattanooga, Tenn.

## THE CANARY CLOSES IT.

That Is to Say, the War of Words Which  
Has Been Waged for Weeks Between  
Himself and the Clifty Candidate?

Contrary to my expectations and quite  
in opposition to Mr. Mannin's theory of  
annihilation, I am still alive and health-  
y, as per last diagnosis of my "pap,"  
who is physician and commissariat to  
"his royal nibs," and although the pain  
was fearful indeed I have so far recover-  
ed as to be able to guide the pen, when  
supported by another, (as Mr. Mannin  
intimated.)

Does it not appear to you, readers of  
THE HERALD, that Mr. Mannin is nat-  
urally oppressed in the region of his  
mind, wherever it may be located, with  
a sense of his own minute size in conde-  
scending, as the lion of society, the  
healthy scion of a noble race, to soil his  
patrician hands by deigning to touch the  
pen that signed the "death warrant" of  
a plebeian?

It was a heinous crime in the eyes of  
his "dear 400," and no doubt he has long  
since been "drummed out" of the "swell  
society" of which he was an influential  
member.

It was an act unworthy of the "House  
of Mannin," and especially of this prom-  
ising son. It was a dark day in the his-  
tory of Toliver, and should be the cause  
of much sorrow to the natives of that  
precinct. Sorrow, because the proud  
young leader of Toliver politics, the  
beau ideal of Toliver society, should by  
one fell stroke destroy his hitherto irre-  
proachable record.

And, again, it was a political error  
that could not have been forgiven by the  
most insignificant stump speaker of  
Eastern Kentucky. It was a breach of  
the regulations in their purity and sim-  
plicity. Do you think that a Bryan, or  
a Wheeler, or even a Rose (J. P.) or,  
going back a few years, do you imagine  
that a Clay or Webster would be deter-  
red for an instant in their onward march  
to glory and political renown by the ac-  
cusations of the community? Their  
history answers no in accents that can  
not be mistaken.

Had they "gone up against" all the  
little upstarts that assailed them in  
their political life they would have found  
no time to devote to the great issues of  
state that are a part of the statesman's  
work. And had they done as my friend  
Mannin did they would have lost the  
noblest trait and the most useful mem-  
ber of a politician's success—the dignity  
attendant upon true worth.

A statesman of Mannin's calibre must  
rise above (at least to the "canary's  
eyrie") the magnificent things of earth,  
and dwell with souls translated to the  
etherial regions, where he can have an-  
gels for waitresses; and eat the food  
prepared for gods. And no doubt the  
gentleman would want a filter for the  
air, even at that high altitude.

I wish to say for the benefit of Mr.  
Mannin's friends, who seem to be anx-  
ious concerning the outcome of our little  
"scrap," that the thought of getting  
mad at Mr. Mannin never once entered  
my mind. The idea is preposterous in  
the extreme. Who ever heard of an ant  
getting offended at an elephant? Per-  
sonally I am a friend of B. M. Mannin;  
politically I am his brother (if he is a  
free silver Democrat.) But legislatively  
I am of the same opinion still (as a man  
convinced against his will.

I wish to have no further discussion  
with the gentleman, as I realize that we  
are infringing upon the good feelings of  
THE HERALD readers and also upon the  
hospitality of our editor with no visible  
result to either side. Au revoir,  
EDW. O. TAUBKE.

## How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneu-  
monia always results from a cold or from  
an attack of la grippe. During the epi-  
demic of la grippe a few years ago when  
so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it  
was observed that the attack was never  
followed by that disease when Chamber-  
lain's Cough Remedy was used. It  
counteracts any tendency of a cold or la  
grippe to result in that dangerous dis-  
ease. It is the best remedy in the world  
for bad colds and la grippe. Every bot-  
tle warranted. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Barford Mannin, of Toliver, was a  
pleasant visitor in our city Monday.

## GENERAL NEWS.

A thick vein of gold ore is reported to  
have been struck on Pike's Peak.

It is said that Japan, as well as Russia,  
is trying to borrow money from the Uni-  
ted States.

New York has an epidemic of grip,  
caused to some extent by bad condition  
of the streets.

There are over 200 creameries in South  
Dakota, the annual output amounting to  
nearly \$3,000,000.

New Orleans cotton receipts are very  
light. Galveston will probably lead in  
that line this year.

Lieut. Hobson broke his Chicago rec-  
ord at Kansas City by kissing 267 wo-  
men, young and old.

The next annual meeting of the W. C.  
T. U. will be held at Seattle, Wash.,  
October 20 to 27, 1899.

Owing to protracted drouth, many  
people in Monterey county, Cal., are on  
the verge of starvation.

Last year Boston expended \$115,802  
for the support of drunkards in houses  
of correction in Suffolk county.

The reception to President McKinley  
in Savannah was modeled after that ac-  
corded to Gen. George Washington.

The exports from the United States  
during the eleven months ending with  
November, were over a billion dollars.

Government ownership of the Nica-  
ragua canal seems likely, now that Nica-  
ragua is ready to cede the right of way.

A man snored so soundly in court at  
Covington, Ky., the other day, that the  
judge gave him 30 days for contempt of  
court.

Gotlieb Wagner, a farmer who lived  
near Montello, Wis., set fire to his barn,  
jumped into the flames and was burned  
to death.

The Chippewa Indians are complaining  
of the alleged ruthless destruction of  
green pine trees on their reservation in  
Minnesota.

Gen. Shafter is reported to have said  
that the people of Cuba, if permitted to  
do so, would vote for annexation to the  
United States.

Grant C. Gillet, the cattle ranchman,  
who fled from Kansas to Mexico to es-  
cape his creditors, is now en route to  
South America.

A gun trap fixed up by rebellious stu-  
dents of the Kentucky state college, at  
Lexington, came near killing Maj. Jones,  
the military commander.

The best managed dairies in Minnesota  
have reduced the cost of manufacturing  
a pound of butter to 1.28c. The prevail-  
ing price in other states is about 3c.

Admiral Cervera's cat, which was cap-  
tured on the Cristobal Colon, after trav-  
eling about the country for exhibition  
purposes, died at Benton Harbor, Mich.

The New York City board of health  
has issued a statement declaring "grip"  
to be a contagious and infectious disease,  
and giving instructions how to avoid it.

Excessive athletic and social activities  
are being restricted in the University of  
Wisconsin. The glee club has been re-  
fused permission for its annual tour this  
year.

Hundreds of people who visited the  
Church of Our Lady Queen of Angels,  
in New York, are said to have been heal-  
ed of infirmities by alleged relics of St.  
Anthony.

The Alaskan commercial company of  
San Francisco has presented to the Uni-  
versity of California its fine collection  
of mounted fossils and ethnological  
specimens.

The terra cotta monument marking  
the spot where Lafayette was wounded  
on the Brandywine battlefield, was blown  
down by the recent high winds and  
badly broken.

Dwight L. Clough accidentally receiv-  
ed a 900-volt shock from a dynamo at  
Lockport, N. Y., and survived. He says  
that the electricity so paralyzed him that  
he felt no pain.

Noah Cisco, of White Oak, spent his  
Christmas in Hazel Green.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## LOVE AND PET ME NOW.

Take my withered hands in yours,  
Children of my soul,  
Mother's heart is craving love,  
Mother's growing old,  
See the snows of many years  
Crown my furrowed brow.  
As I've loved and petted you,  
Love and pet me now.

Lay your hands upon my head,  
Smooth my whitened hair,  
I've been growing old the while  
You've been growing fair.  
I have tolled and prayed for you—  
Ask not why or how—  
As I've loved and petted you,  
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,  
Children of my heart,  
Mother's growing old, your love  
Makes of life sweet part.  
Touch with love my faded cheek,  
Kiss my anxious brow.  
As I've loved and petted you,  
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,  
Hold them close and strong,  
Cheer me with a fond caress,  
"Twill not be for long."  
Youth immortal soon will crown  
With its wreath my brow.  
As I've loved and petted you,  
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,  
This your heart will prove;  
If you owe me anything,  
Pay the debt in love.  
Press me in your strong, young arms,  
Breathe a loving vow,  
That as I loved and petted you,  
You'll love and pet me now.

—Mrs. R. A. Winslow, in Chicago Standard.

## An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgewick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had fitted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feuding. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had come on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mrs. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgewick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal host that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram—"Arrived Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M."

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to go. Merriam persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Then comes a brief summons to him to relieve the guard.

### CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

One o'clock came, and the call had gone from sentry to sentry, thanks to the breathless stillness of the air, and the moon was climbing high, and flux was still up and swearing. A "wire" came out from the Junction that the "special" would not be there for two hours, so the Riders had steeled arms, unsling packs, and were snoozing or skylarking as suited their humor. The colonel had given permission for a dance at Miguel's. The band was playing, and there was jollity in the wind. Bux said he wouldn't have the cavalry mixed up in any such tomfoolery, however, and the patrol was saddled and ready to start. Grafton, coming back from his stable, where he had gone to personally see to the selection of the mounts required, stopped and drew Merriam to one side.

"I'm sorry for the needless trouble you took this evening, Merriam. I had hoped that Mrs. McLane would see you and have done with it. Another dispatch came for her three hours ago, and it seems to have roused her to action. She was up and dressed in time to see the regiment off, and now, I presume, she's flirting with Whitaker. There are lights in the parlor. At all events the orderly hasn't found him, and Bux may send you after the stragglers in town."

"Then I reckon I'll start and make the rounds and get out of the way," said Randy. "By the way, captain, I hope your private sentry is well secured. We have only one sentry on that whole front now, and that matched team of yours is a powerful temptation to Bravo horse fanciers. I mean to make two or three trips around the row to-night."

"Well, then I can save you several hundred yards, Merriam," said Graf-

ton, fumbling in his pocket. "Take the short cut through my yard. There are no private horses between me and the east end of the line, you know. Here's the key to the rear gate."

Merriam took it and thanked him heartily.

"I'll go to the corral first," said he, "and then come over your way. Good night."

The lights were still burning dimly in the parlor as Grafton reached his quarters, but the slender form of a woman stood between him and the door. It was Mrs. McLane, and she began at once.

"I have been waiting anxiously for you, captain. Dear Harriet has gone to her room tired out, and I thought Mr. Whitaker would never go—I fairly had to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of the guard. Could I see him—could you take me to him for just a minute? If I can talk with him three minutes it will be ample, and I cannot rest now until I do."

Grafton was on the point of bidding her remember that she had refused a chance of talking with him earlier that night, but refrained. He looked back across the shallow, moonlit surface of the parade to where the oil lamps were burning bleakly in the guardroom. "He is not there," said he. "He has gone down to the corral. But—a happy thought striking him—"in less than ten minutes he will be coming through here on his rounds. I gave him the key of our rear gate. It's warm and pleasant out here. You might hail and hail him as he enters."

Meantime there had been a sore, sore-hearted young wife farther up the row. As wrath and passion sobbed themselves away and the devil of jealousy wore itself out, and the thought of Randy's patience and gentleness and of all that Mrs. Hayne had said of his unflinching tenderness and love, poor Florence began to wonder if she had not angered him beyond repair. His last net had been one of fond, thoughtful care. He had spread the shawl over her and huddled over it as though he loved to touch her, mad, miserable, ugly, hateful as she had been, and she had spitefully thrown it off. She picked it up now and strove to arrange it as he had done, but could not. She arose and bathed her face and eyes, and gazed out over the now deserted parade. She had not even stirred when the Riders marched away. She paced the floor again and felt that she was weak, and became conscious that she was most unromantically hungry, and then—Oh, heaven! how could she!—how could she have forgotten? Here was Randy on guard, up all night, and never before since they came back from their wedding tour had she failed when he was officer of the guard to have a delightful little chafing dish supper all ready for him at 12 o'clock, and he used to come over from his duties for half an hour and eat with such an appetite and praise her Welsh rarebit, or her oysters, and then take her in his arms with such love and delight in his fond eyes, and here—and here it was one o'clock and she'd utterly forgotten it. Oh, poor Randy must be starving!

In ten minutes Mrs. Merriam had bundled up her disheveled hair, donned some more becoming gown than the tumbled wrapper, and had hustled downstairs and lighted the parlor lamp to signal Randy to come home and be fed and forgiven, and then she ransacked the cupboard and started her fire, and then peeped over toward the distant guardroom and saw no sign of his coming. She trotted through the kitchen and banged lustily at Hop Ling's door and bade him rise and go summon his master, but the menial answered not. He, too, had slipped away to the Junction—not so much to see the Riders off as to have a shy at fan-tan, and Florence was alone. Never mind. She had been born and reared in garrison. No one could teach her the ins and outs of post life. Why shouldn't she run across the wide, dimly-lighted flat and surprise her darling at his desk, and bid him come home with her and let her twine herself about him, and have a happier cry as she told him how weak and wicked and cruel and hateful she had been, and beg to be taken back into his love and trust. Yes, yes, well she knew that he was too noble, too grand to treat her sternly, coldly, because of her tempestuous outbreak. It was all because she loved him so—loved him so that it was torture to think any other woman could claim or hold or even attract him. With brightening eyes, with bounding heart, she threw over her head and shoulders a light wrap and stepped out on the piazza. Somebody was coming across the parade—from the guardhouse—even now. He was still too far away to be recognized, but as he halted one minute and turned as though to listen to the sentries just beginning to call half-past one, the moonlight glistened on the steel scabbard, and she knew it must be Randy. Then he was coming to her after all, and she need not have to seek him and be the first to "make up," as she used to say in girlish days. The call went round with echoing ring, and then came her loving husband again. How she loved that martial stride of his! How erect and strong and soldierly he seemed! How—why—why—wasn't he coming—straight to her. He had reached the flagstaff. There lay the beaten pathway right before his eyes and hers. He must see the bright lights of his home bidding him come and find love and welcome. But he had turned away—was walking, not toward the

west end, but straight for the middle of the row, straight to where the Graftons lived—where—that woman lived.

But that meant nothing. Oh, no! Florence well knew that meant nothing. Had he not said only a little while before that never would he see or speak with her without coming first to his wife, his Florence, and letting her know? Yet, why should he go thither, at this hour of the night? That was not the way to the sentry posts. Unconsciously she approached the edge of the piazza—she saw him reach the roadway—saw him cross it—saw him—merciful God! could she believe her eyes?—saw him enter what must be the Graftons' gate and then become lost in the shadows of the row. Hardly knowing what she did, Florence sped madly down the steps, out through the gate and, almost running, down eastward along the walk. Nearing the Graftons', she pressed her hand to her heart to still its mad pounding, and as she came opposite the parlor window she noted that the lamps were burning dimly. Late as it was. Could he have entered? Breathless, dazed, she clung to the picket fence for support, not knowing what to do next, and then the blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins, for somewhere, close at hand, just beyond those sheltering vines she heard voices, his voice and hers, low-toned, earnest, ah! passionate—for she heard her murmur: "Oh, Randy, Randy!" and, stepping quickly forward, saw her just around the corner of the trellis, apparently clinging to his arm, the two dim figures seemingly linked together, blending in one vague, indistinguishable, yet damning shape, and then all grew dark to her, as though a pall had been dropped from the starry heavens, hiding from sight the sin and woe of a reeling world.

### CHAPTER XI.

"Mrs. McLane," Merriam was saying at the moment, interrupting the pleading, weeping woman who was clinging to his arm, "it is useless to talk of it. Had you let me know why you wished to see me, all the pain of this meeting could have been avoided. Every paper I had was given to Mr. Parry, your lawyer, months ago. I know less about the matter, probably, than you do; and now, forgive me, but I must go at once."

Almost forcibly he drew her clasping hands from his arm, and turning sharply and without another word to the cowering woman, hastened on through the narrow pathway that led between



She heard her murmur: "Oh, Randy, Randy."

Grafton's cottage and that to the eastward, and presently emerged again into the moonlight at the back of the house, going straight to the captain's stable. For a moment his late companion stood there at the trellis, staring after him in mingled misery and incredulity. She had planned it well. She had marked his coming just as Grafton had said, had hurried down to the shady aisle between the quarters and halted him there—astonished at her daring. He would have walked a dozen miles that night rather than see her at all, but to meet her this way, to feel that he was trapped, made Merriam's blood boil with wrath. His voice, though, was stern and cold as he bade her say why she wished to see him. But her aim was to detain, to soften, to charm and then to plead, and she had a dreadful, dreadful story to tell and none to tell it to but him. Even then she was balked, for Merriam bluntly bade her omit the story, as he knew all he needed to know, and come to the point at once. What could she want of him? Advice—sympathy, she cried; and for advice he referred her to her lawyer—for sympathy she must not come to him. She must have some purpose in calling on him—what was it? And then it proved to be the packet with certain papers, given him by the young miner in the Mesquero. "It was turned over to your lawyer long ago," said Randy; and then she burst into tears and said she was undone, and wailed: "Oh, Randy, Randy! what can I—what am I to do?" And he suggested gravely, courteously, but positively, that she should at once go indoors, while he went on his way.

His heart was bitter against her as he strode out beyond the fence line, and, after carefully inspecting the doors of Grafton's stable, he closed and locked the gate. He wished now more than ever to hurry on westward and enter his own little home and surprise Florence. With grateful eyes he had noted the parlor lights and interpreted them as indicating that she must be well over the unreasonable stage of this her first, and, he prayed God, her last, jealous trouble. He turned toward his own gate, intending only to glance at the

other stables on the way and give the sentry additional orders; but when he got so far toward the western end of the row as to enable him to distinguish any object as big as a man he found to his vexation that there was no sentry there at all, and that he must retrace his steps and look for him toward the other end. It was a backward tramp of over 300 yards, and he was irritated enough to feel like scoring the sentry when finally he came upon him.

"You shouldn't be here, sir," he began, after the customary challenge and reply. "Where you are most needed is along toward the other end, where there are private horses in flimsy stables."

"I know, sir," said the soldier, promptly. "But there's something amiss out there on the road toward town. I heard a scuffle and cries for help, and then a running down into the creek bottom. The corporals' gone out to see. I'm afraid there's been blood spilt, sir."

And even as they stood and listened, the still night air was split by the loud report of a carbine, echoed back from the opposite wall of the shallow, narrow canyon. It was followed almost instantly by a cry for aid.

"Come right along," shouted Merriam to the sentry, and he sprang away in the direction of the alarm. "Never mind your post!"

A run of nearly 400 yards, crossing diagonally the Junction road as they ran, brought the lieutenant to the edge of the chasm, at a point where one could see some distance down the stream, the sentry panting several rods behind. The moonlight was faint, but still sufficient to enable him to make out the form of a man apparently crawling on hands and knees up the bank, while another lay motionless close to the water's edge. Over this latter Corporal Mahoney was bending, imploring in grief-stricken tones. Randy went bounding down the abrupt slope, sure-footed as a goat.

"What's the matter, corporal? What is it?"

"Brady, sir—struck to death. I'm 'fraid. There was three of 'em on him, and more at poor Corporal's—yonder—Mexicans all of 'em, and they lit out straight for that monte shack across the mesa. Their horses are there, I reckon. Look up, Brady, man, for God's sake! Here's the lieutenant come to help!"

Merriam knelt, threw open the blue blouse and placed his hand over the heart, waited a moment and shook his head. His hand was dripping with blood as he drew it out. "All over with poor Brady, I fear," said he. "Run quick. No. 2 followed me out. Tell him to hurry for the surgeon and send the litter from the hospital. Who fired?"

"I did, sir. I hoped to bring down one of the gang, but they were too far off," answered the corporal, as he was pulling himself up the bank.

Turning away from the stricken soldier and dabbling for a moment his hand in the stream, Randy called to Corporal, the other victim, who was growling and cursing alternately, and who presently burst into manly tears, demanding to be given a cleaner to stand up against the d-d greasers again, that he might annihilate the entire party. It was evident that a subtler enemy had downed him even before the Mexican took hold. He was only slightly injured physically, but his money was gone. All Randy could extract from him was that there had been a game and he wouldn't pay up because the greasers were cheating, and they chased him and Brady, and overtook them and used their knives.

Buxton was still up and full of his project of sending the patrol of absenteers and the band just as soon as the Riders' train should have started. He heard the call for the surgeon, and promptly turned out in person. The sleepy horses of the patrol were standing meekly and wonderingly at the guardhouse when the distant shot was fired, and, borrowing one, the sergeant galloped out. When Bux appeared he borrowed another, and one for the surgeon. Then, after hearing Merriam's brief recital, he ordered him to mount forthwith, take the entire patrol and gallop in chase of the greasers. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Only One Thing Lacking.

A number of traveling men were talking about the singular experience they have at various small hotels throughout the northwest. Somebody referred to Dennis Foley, whose hotel at Menno, in Hutchinson county, S. D., is very popular with the boys because of its genial landlord. One of the tourists remarked:

"You would know, of course, that Dennis is a thorough Irishman, although he hasn't a very broad brogue. Hutchinson county is settled almost exclusively by Russians, and the town of Menno is named after the great religious reformer who founded the Mennonite church to which so many of the Russians belong. One day I was talking to Dennis about his experiences in the town and county, and I said to him: 'Why is it, Dennis, that you haven't tried for some office here where you have lived so many years, and where you have such influence?'"

"I did try for an office once," he replied. "I ran for sheriff and lacked only one thing of winning."

"What was that?" I asked. "All that I lacked of being sheriff was the Russian vote."—Sioux City Journal.

### Activity of Vesuvius.

Much anxiety has been caused in Naples by the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius. An overwhelming danger of this description produces universal terror. As a matter of fact there is little likelihood that Mt. Vesuvius will do any serious damage. On the other hand thousands die daily from stomach and digestive disorders, who might have been saved had they resorted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the greatest of known tonics for stomach and digestive organs. It cures kidney, liver and blood disorders.

Genius is a loftier quality than talent in the sense that genius often lives in the attic, while talent has apartments on the ground floor.—Town Topics.

Will it cure? Use St. Jacobs Oil for lame back and you'll see.

Manners are largely deceit's own name for itself.—Detroit Journal.

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# The Monetary Problem.

## GOLD STANDARD SOPHISTRY.

Ingenuity and Cunning of Wealthy Fund-Holders in Deceiving and Victimizing the People.

The wealthy fund holders of the world who profit by making money scarce and dear employ all the artifice that ingenuity and cunning can invent for the purpose of deceiving and victimizing the people. They embrace among their ranks many men of great intellectual power. Their wealth affords them opportunities and leisure to cultivate their minds and study human nature. The result is that they become adepts in the use of ingenious and sophistical arguments that exert a powerful influence over the thoughts and actions of a large class of shallow-minded but very pretentious men. The terms "sound money," "honest money," etc., are used to appeal to and placate the moral sense and elude investigation. The term "best money" appeals to the pride and aspirations of our people, who desire the best of everything that is obtainable.

But the advocates of the gold standard do not stop when they have turned to an account these higher attributes of human nature but go further and apply their artifices to the lower and baser passions as well. The argument that the movement for the restoration of silver as a money metal is in the interest of silver mine owners is calculated to excite envy, the most perverse and ignoble trait of human nature, against the owners of silver mines on the ground that his product is being especially favored by law, suggesting to the mind at the same time that the balance of society is being injured in order that the owners of silver mines may make additional profit. In this connection, however, they forget to remind the people that gold mines are the private property of individuals as well as silver mines. In making this appeal to the baser passions an insult is offered to the intelligence of the people, the presumption in the mind of the party advancing the argument being that the lower or baser passions are so much stronger than our intelligence that the deceptive argument made will have the effect of controlling our actions in favor of a policy that benefits them while it injures the balance of society.

They do not remind us in this connection that gold and silver alike have enjoyed the same rights and privileges as money metals from time immemorial, and have constituted the world's source of money supply. They do not suggest to us that when the silver miner is discriminated against by having his product excluded from the mints that the gold miners' product is enhanced thereby, and that so far as the question applies to mine owners it is between the owners of gold mines and the owners of silver mines, as the government or people, in their collective capacity, are not the owner of either the gold or silver mines. They do not make any complaint because the silver miner has been deprived of the privilege that his product has enjoyed from time immemorial, because this might suggest that the owners of gold mines were receiving unmerited favor at the hands of the government.

So far as the miners are concerned, the balance of society who are not engaged in mining, have no special interest in the question, because the gold mines and the silver mines alike are at the present time as they ever have been in this country, private property. The question that affects the people is one of immeasurably greater importance than discriminating in favor of or against the product of any individual class in the nation. It is a question of money supply which affects the prosperity of the entire country, the value of our property, our ability to pay debts and taxes, and for our laboring people involves questions of continued employment at remunerative wages.

The appeal that comes to us in the shape of all these ingenious and sophistical arguments emanates from those who own the great debts against the nations and people of the world. They are interested to give money a larger power to command other things. They understand the way to do this is to make money scarce, and in order to make money scarce they have concentrated their efforts throughout the world to procure the outlawing of silver and the closing of the mints against it, thus restricting the money supply to gold alone.

During the 25 years since the work of demonetization was started the gold of the world has doubled in value, that is, every ounce of gold in existence will now exchange for double the amount of other things in general that it would in 1873. Therefore all the debts that existed in 1873 are now worth twice as much to their present holders as they were at that time. The property of the people measured against money to pay debts is at the present time worth only one-half as much as it was in 1873. Thus through the force of law closing the mints against silver the fund-holding classes have doubled their wealth and

plundered society to the amount of the gain they have thus made.

This is not all, however. During this process of falling prices bankruptcy has overtaken the industrious and brought ruin to the most worthy class of our people. The last 20 years have been years of strikes, lockouts, and labor riots, and are marked by a concentration of wealth unparalleled in the history of the world, until to-day grave and serious problems, unknown and unheard of before, are at our threshold for settlement. The questions of monopoly and trusts, and the powerful combinations of capital, menace popular government and the rights of man in the United States, the very citadel of liberty. The American people are patriotic, brave, and honest. Education alone is all that is needed to make them stand practically a unit against the encroachments of Shylock and in defense of conditions of prosperity.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

## THE GOLD TRUST.

And Its Attendant Monopolies—Hypocrisy of That Much-Used Phrase, "Honest Money."

The term "honest money" is seldom heard except when the question of preserving the equities of time contracts is under discussion. "Honest money" therefore, is money whose purchasing power is precisely the same (no more nor less) when a debt falls due as it was when the debt was contracted. Judged by this true test, it is almost needless to say that the world has never yet seen perfectly honest money. By such test money has fluctuated in its degrees of honesty with the fluctuating yield of the precious metals of which it has been composed. As this yield has increased or diminished, prices have risen or fallen with the fluctuations in the supply of money in general circulation, and the discharge of debts, payable in the future, has grown more or less burdensome to debtors, and more or less gainful to creditors, in proportion to this yield. Hence a circulating medium composed of both gold and silver money is more honest than one composed of gold alone, because the supply of both metals is less liable to fluctuations than that of one of them only, since a diminution in the yield of one metal has generally been compensated for by an increased yield of the other.

Thus, until silver was demonetized, the supply of money was automatic in its operation. It depended upon causes that were beyond the control of the money changers. The effects of an increase or diminution of the precious metals were therefore diffused over the world, and all changes in the general level of prices were slowly spread over considerable periods of time, so that business of all kinds gradually adapted itself to such changes, without sudden and great distress to the people.

Less than 30 years ago the money changers and bondholders having become dissatisfied with the profit derived from the use of their capital invested in money and interest-bearing securities of every kind, concluded to double the purchasing power of such capital by destroying, through legislation, the use of silver by the great commercial nations. They thus doubled the purchasing power of gold, which the nature of their business enables them without expense to monopolize at will. By this means the automatic operation of money upon the world's level of prices was destroyed, and prices placed under the almost complete control of artificial influences. Thus are all natural trade movements which depend upon the unimpeded operation of the law of supply and demand prevented, and the law itself overthrown. By this artificial control over prices, exercised through their control over the volume and distribution of money, the money changers and their allied trusts have entrenched themselves between the producer and consumer, not as legitimate middlemen, to facilitate commerce, but as autocrats dictating to producer and consumer alike the price at which the one shall sell and the other buy all the products of labor and property.

The gold monopoly is now the breeding mother of all monopolies. All other trusts followed swiftly upon the heels of the formation of the gold trust. The successful operation of all other monopolies depends upon their control of, or assistance received from, one or more banks clamorous for gold money only. A free line of "accommodations" flow readily from the gold monopoly, represented by the banks to all other monopolies. The banks know that such debtors hold certain industries in their grip, and that their business will, therefore, be successful, and their bank accommodations secure. But with those outside the pale of any trust, the banks deal at arm's length and with heavy hand. Not until the gold trust is overthrown will it be possible to overthrow its aiders and abettors. As they stand united together, so will they fall together, or not at all.—Hon. W. H. Clegg, in Mississippi Valley Democrat.

## ORIENTAL PRESERVES.

Some That Are Put Up by the Chinese are of Ancient Origin

Preserved stem ginger is one of the oldest of all preserves. It seems to have been prepared and imported into England and the colonies when sugar was a rarity and the art of preserving fruit in it unknown to English housekeepers. Colonial housekeepers prepared ginger root preserves and used ginger root in preparing pear and apple preserves. None of these preparations, however, were very much like the imported ginger preserve. Their flavor only suggested it. This is a Chinese preserve, not an Indian one, as sometimes stated. The Chinese send a variety of preserves to this market, and all these are put up in the familiar blue and gray stone pots in which ginger preserve has always been sent to market, which are hence known as ginger jars.

One of the best of these is the cumquat preserve. This is prepared of tiny mandarin oranges, which are put up in an extra heavy sirup. These choice preserves are prepared especially for the highest class of Chinese noblemen, and therefore costly. However, like everything else in the Flowery Kingdom, even to the especial pattern of bamboo brooms and dusters reserved there for the household of the emperor, this preserve is sold freely outside of the kingdom. The only thing which prevents its general sale is its price. It is the most costly of all preserves, being in market about one-third more than ginger or pineapple.

Another oriental preserve which is more like an old-fashioned sweetmeat than anything we have, is the preserved Chinese chow chow. This is a mixture of pineapples, oranges and other fruits. Our chow-chows are all pickles and mixtures of chopped vegetables and fruit. Chinese chow-chow is a preserve.

Guava jelly is sent to this market from India and also from the West Indies, where it is manufactured so extensively that it is sold here at 50 cents for a pound-and-a-half can. The old-fashioned circular paper boxes of guava jelly are seen rarely to-day in comparison with the more modern can. Ripe pineapple preserves and old-fashioned tamarind preserves are also brought to this country chiefly from the West Indies. Spanish-American housewives have always been very successful in sweetmeat making. A dulce, or sweetmeat, of some kind is served by them on every occasion when it can be introduced. A favorite sweetmeat with those who have lived in tropical America is ripe mango. This is a sweet preserve prepared for dessert. It should not be confounded with the chutney made in the East Indies from the same fruit and called "sweet mango." A chutney is a highly-spiced warm condiment resembling a pickle, and is served with meats and fish, especially with curried dishes, but never at dessert. Like a preserve, chutneys come from India, as the best sauces and curries do.—N. Y. Tribune.

## OLD BUT GOOD.

The Story of the Irishman's Experiences in Battle Brought Up to Date.

This gallant son of Erin need never fear that he will be cornered. He was among the first to offer his services at the beginning of the war, but his employer, who did not want to lose his services, whispered into the ear of the examining surgeon that Mike had once been made temporarily deaf by an explosion in a mine and that his hearing had never been good since.

"Do you hear well?" asked the doctor, when Mike was under inspection.

"Loike a weasel, sor."

"Has your hearing always been good?"

"Splendid, sor."

"See here, my man, weren't you in a mine explosion before you came to Detroit and weren't you totally deaf for weeks after?"

"Not me, sor," replied Mike, without hesitation. "I could hear livery worrard that wore wrote to me, sor."

Mike was accepted, as he deserved to be, and was in the great land battle of the war. He was wounded in the chest and came home on a furlough. He was made so much of that he felt justified in exaggerating his experiences. Among other things he got to telling that "the bullet went through me there," as he put his hand over his heart.

Mike told this to the same surgeon when a number of others were present, and the doctor saw a chance to get even. "Mike, Mike," he exclaimed, "stick to the truth. If the bullet had taken the course you say it would have gone plump through your heart. Tell that to some ignoramus that doesn't know anything about anatomy."

"That are yez talkin' about?" retorted Mike, who was evidently thinking fast. "Shure, it's the book I'm in—that's foolin' yez, doe. There wasn't a mother's son went up that blazin' bloody hill that day as his heart wasn't in his mout'."—Detroit Free Press.

## Doomed.

Sergeant—The enemy lies. Captain—That won't do them any good; our army is mostly made up of expert wing shots. —Richmond Dispatch.

## GOLD AND MONOPOLIES.

The Instrumentality by Which the Money Power is Seeking to Do Its Work.

"In reaching out for the barbed-wire trust and great Rockefeller-Carnegie iron and steel 'combine' has disclosed the full proportions of its plan and purposes. The 'Federal Steel company,' as the 'combine' will probably be called, intends to control the iron business of the country. It will mine or control the mining of all the ore. It will fix the price of every pound of iron. It will manufacture or control the manufacture of every kind of iron product, from armor plate and guns and beams and rails to wire, barbed and plain, and cold chisels and hammers and nails. As iron is the foundation and the skeleton of the superstructure of our material civilization, the few men at the head of this 'combine' will exercise a stupendous influence upon the division and distribution of the wealth of this nation, and therefore upon its social and political life. Behind the 'Federal Steel company' there is a dream of wealth and power and aggrandizement that would have seemed fantastic a few years ago, but is now in a favorable way to complete realization."—N. Y. World.

When some great industrial monopoly springs into life the World is quick to observe it, but it is as blind as a Mammoth cave fish to the greatest of all monopolies—that of money. The money monopoly is equal to all others combined, for it controls them all. Money is the machinery by which all modern business is transacted, and they who control the machinery have the business at their mercy. It is as plain as light itself that the gold standard is the instrumentality by which the money power is seeking to do its work. The great money lenders of London, Berlin and New York are dictating the financial policy of Europe, America, and a large part of Asia, through the agency of the gold standard. The specious excuse is offered that bimetalism is impracticable. That it is impossible to keep gold and silver exactly together—on a par—if both are freely used. Therefore we must only have one. It is assumed that the moment one becomes more valuable than the other at the agreed ratio—that is, when a premium appears—the one which rises to a premium ceases to be money and the other becomes the standard, or, as some have claimed, we would have two standards, which to "thinkers" of a certain class is "unthinkable." In other words, the main defense of the gold standard rests upon the idea that the smallest premium upon one of the metals is a greater evil than to destroy that metal entirely as money. The simple statement of the proposition demonstrates its absurdity. At the worst the breaking of the par is no more than a slight inconvenience in accounting, so far as domestic trade is concerned. If, for example, gold should rise to a premium of ten per cent., then a dollar in gold would be equal to a dollar and ten cents in silver. So long as this condition lasted the gold would be held chiefly by the banks (as it is now) and count as part of their reserves. But the condition could not last permanently unless practically all of the gold were expelled from the country, and this could only be when our silver and paper together constituted our full distributive share of the world's money. Until that point was reached it would be more profitable to invest the gold than to hoard it in the banks or elsewhere, because as silver flowed into the country to make up our full share of the world's stock prices would rise, which is only another way of saying that the gold would fall. So far as international parity is concerned, it is never permanently and steadily maintained, even between countries using the same money metal. The exact par of the English pound sterling is \$4.866 in American money, but it seldom stands at that figure commercially. It ranges generally from about \$4.82 to \$4.89, according to the state of the international balances and the varying demands of the different countries for specie. Between gold countries and silver countries the parity is already as badly broken as it can be. The gold standard gives no relief there. Unfortunately for us, the breaking of the par of exchange has given silver-using countries a very great advantage in international trade. The arguments in favor of the gold standard are purely technical—mere quibbles. On the other hand, the objections to it are of the most substantial character. Its adoption means the destruction of a large part of the money supply of the nations in which it is made the standard, falling prices, hard times, oppression of the debtor and an unconscionable advantage to the creditor. The latter is the reason why the world's great creditors favor it. The value of their demands is increased, they obtain command of more and more of other people's wealth for the same number of dollars. In effect they corner the money market and dominate the business of the world. Upon a constantly falling market the weaker business men are forced out, while the stronger ones form combines for their own production. Hence it can be truthfully affirmed that the gold standard is the prolific father of trusts. The Rockefeller-Carnegie combine may control the iron and steel industry, but the money combine controls everything, including the New York World.

H. F. BARTINE.

—The Hanna-Foraker row continues to obtrude itself in Ohio. It is a feud that seems likely to last until the doomsday of all the participants.—Boston Herald.

## THE SILVER PRODUCT.

Treasury Tables Show the Statements of Goldites to Be Without Foundation.

The claim made that there is an overproduction of silver since 1873 as compared with gold, and that this is the cause of its fall in price, is absolutely without foundation. According to the tables issued by the treasury department August 16, 1893, showing the total production of gold and silver in the world at coinage value, it appears that from the year 1792, when our monetary system was founded, to the year 1852, being a period of 60 years, the total production of silver in the world, rating it at coinage value, was \$1,769,197,000, and the total production of gold during that time was \$960,236,000; that is, there was almost twice as much silver produced as gold. The production of each metal of course varied greatly during the different years, and yet the market ratio between the two metals remained practically the same during all that time. The tables show that during those 60 years there was a variance of only seven-tenths of one point, or just about the cost of exchange. The same tables show that from 1852 to 1873 the total gold production of the world was \$2,516,575,000, while the total silver production was \$989,225,000; that is, there was 2½ times as much gold produced as silver, yet the market ratio remained undisturbed during those 21 years, just as it had during the period of 60 years, when there was twice as much silver as gold. Again, the same treasury tables show that from 1873 to 1892, inclusive, the total gold production of the world was \$2,176,505,000, while the silver production was \$2,347,087,000; that is, the production of gold was nearly equal to that of silver. During the first two periods silver was a money metal; during the last period it was not. The fact that during the first two periods, covering over 80 years, the market ratio remained the same, although the production of each metal varied greatly from time to time, shows that the market price or ratio was practically the same as the legal ratio or mint price, so long as both metals were used as money. Now, inasmuch as silver did not fall in value as measured in gold during 60 years in which there was twice as much silver produced as gold, it is clear that had silver not been demonetized it would not have fallen when the gold production was nearly equal to that of silver, as it was after 1873. Again, silver has not fallen in comparison with other property. By taking the average price of all commodities known to the markets it is found that a pound of silver will buy as great an amount of commodities, as great an amount of property, as ever. It is gold that has gone up. The law, by striking down the competition, has given gold a monopoly. Practically, the gold dollar is a 200-cent dollar. Nominally, it still has only 100 cents in it, but it takes 200 cents' worth of commodities to get one when measured by bimetallic prices.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

## OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—Hanna billed himself for a speech in Chicago a few days before the election, but the local managers refused to let him. The democrats should have given him a hall.—Kansas City Times.

—Mr. McKinley hopes that the "hysteria" over the war department scandals will soon "blow over." By the time the investigation is completed he will find that Algerian has been blown over by public indignation.—St. Louis Republic.

—Republican campaigners may call attention to evidences of prosperity in some of the agricultural states of the west, but easterners should not sing the refrain. To the laboring man or those forced to live from hand to mouth the past year has been the hardest of the entire business depression in New England, and the business man has fared no better comparatively.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

—The democrats are belaboring the Dingley measure to some extent, but they receive little response from their opponents. It is difficult to make an issue of a question assailed on one side and receiving practically no defense on the other. The results of the Dingley tariff have proved of little advantage to anybody, and some of the worst sufferers from its effects are in the republican party.—Boston Herald.

—The republican party under its present leadership no longer represents the principle of freedom and independence, but the very reverse of it. Corporations, trusts and combines under the leadership of the Hannas, Flatts, Quays, Elkinses and Depewas now rule the country as completely as the slave oligarchy ruled it before the war of the rebellion. It is only the blind or the stupid who fail to see this.—Columbus (O.) Press.

—Here is what the old Philadelphia Ledger, republican, but not hide bound, says about expansion: "There are many loyal republicans who are opposed to the administration's policy of territorial expansion, which is declared to be a radical departure from the sagacious counsels of the founders to avoid foreign complications and entanglements. The consequences of our new colonial policy are feared and not approved by large numbers of republican voters."—Los Angeles Herald.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Jan. 5, 1899.

FOR GOVERNOR,

**P. WAT HARDIN,**  
OF HARRODSBURG.

## +ANNOUNCEMENTS.+

For Representative.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. ROSE, of Lacy Creek, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Representative in the next General Assembly from the counties of Wolfe and Morgan, subject to action of the Democratic party.

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

AMONG the candidates now before the people for State office there is none more deserving than John B. Chenault, of Richmond, who aspires to the position of state auditor, nor is there one so likely to capture the vote of Eastern Kentucky in the State convention. Mr. Chenault has always been a Democrat and a wheel horse when it became necessary to pull for the party. He has never before asked for an office, but for years has had an eye on the one he now seeks. To that end and that he might be thoroughly qualified for the duties pertaining to the position, he has made a study of State finance and in all the prerequisites necessary has endeavored to fit himself to fill the position with honor to himself and credit to the State. That he has done so goes without saying in his home and in financial circles, and THE HERALD, believing him to be better qualified for that important office than any man in the State, irrespective of party, to day announces its determination to stand by him until the State convention. Too many men seek and secure office in this State through sentimental surroundings. What the State needs and what her citizens demand is that henceforth the qualification for the place and not social qualities shall be the rule. Looking over the political field we have failed to find any man so well qualified as Mr. Chenault, and in the hope that we shall be able to convince the citizens of this commonwealth of the fact as well, THE HERALD will from time to time introduce evidence of his fitness, and invites the close attention of its readers to the statements it shall make.

South Trimble won the nomination for representative in Franklin county, and announces that he will fight Bronston's prison bill at the next session. He is also a candidate for speaker.

Communicated.]

### Reunion of the Powers Family.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, former citizens of this neighborhood, and well known and beloved and well remembered by most all of the older persons of this community, met at the residence of Wiley C. Perkins on Lacy Creek Wednesday, December 28, 1898. Mrs. Powers was Miss Emily Cox, daughter of Solomon Cox, formerly of this place and sister to Mrs. Lou Day and Mrs. J. T. Paratt. There are four children, Mrs. Wiley C. Perkins, Mrs. Mike Murphy, of Coles County, Ill.; Messrs. James Press and Harlan Powers, of Martin County Ky. Those present and from a distance other than the children of Lewis Powers were Harlan Murphy and Willie Randles, of Coles County, Ill., son and grandson of Mrs. Murphy. This is the first time in 32 years that this family have assembled together and certainly it was a great satisfaction thus to be blessed by an all-wise God to meet once more, and it is to be hoped that they may be blessed with the privilege of many more pleasant meetings. They were treated to a feast of good things prepared by one of their number, Mrs. Perkins, who has no superior in that line, especially when backed by such a provider as Wiley, and spent a few days around the fireside talking of childhood days and the many happenings of the long separation. As the two Mr. Powers came through Salverville they met with an old friend of the family who was brave enough to venture out horseback over the mud road to be one of the crowd, Mrs. Lizzie Prather, one of the finest women in Magoffin County, wife of Capt. Jeff Prather, who commanded the Magoffin rough riders, who fought through every Spanish American battle from Lexington to Chattanooga and returned without a scratch.

"Society" folks in Hazel Green were entertained right royally by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Swango of the Springs on Saturday evening. The programme consisted principally of ice cream and cake, interspersed with games, music, etc. All report an enjoyable time, and desire to express their thanks to mine host and hostess for their hospitality.

To parents or guardians sending their children to Hazel Green Academy: Although my family will live in the Home no longer, we will have full control of everything in the Home except the boarding department. This we have given over to thoroughly competent and reliable parties. We can assure you that your children will fare well, and will be just as carefully looked after. Three of our teachers will be in the Home, and my study will be there where it has been for five years. A telephone will connect my residence and the Home and we will be in touch with everything pertaining to the welfare of our pupil boarders. The Home discipline will be firm and strict, possibly more so than ever before. You need have no hesitancy about sending us your sons and daughters. The rates of board will be the same as heretofore. And no pupil will be allowed to board elsewhere in town, except with kinfolds, unless by special arrangement. Respectfully,

Dec. 27, 1898. WM. H. CORD.

### Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.  
Top price for those on sale, \$4.65.  
Top price for calves, \$7.25.  
Top price of light hogs, \$3.25; heavy, \$3.45.

Best sheep brought \$4.00.  
Best lambs brought \$5.25.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

Prospects for the opening of the second term of school at the academy, on last Monday, were never better nor more encouraging. From every quarter information is coming in from young men and women who will enroll soon. Every parent having boys and girls to educate, within a radius of four miles of Hazel Green, should send their children here by the day, and especially if they have horses or mules, which their children could ride. Stable room can be secured at a reasonable cost for horses of pupils attending school. Parents, consider this, and send your children here. Don't mind the muddy roads. Send them on.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Miss Icy Sallee DeMoss, of Newport, Ky., arrived here on Saturday, and took charge of the music class at the academy on Monday, the 2nd prox. She is a teacher of experience, having taught music in Newport during the past three years, and all music pupils will know from the beginning that they are under a thoroughly competent instructor. Miss DeMoss will also have charge of the music at the Christian church during the session of the school.

### For Mothers!

THE discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

### ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?

An old adage reads: "There is a place for everything," and for everything to be in its place, the LOUISVILLE DISPATCH should find a place in the home of every DEMOCRAT in the SUNNY SOUTH. The Dispatch is the people's paper, owned by the people, and is always ready to fight for the cause of the people. IT STANDS SQUARELY ON THE CHICAGO PLATFORM, without the aid or consent of the Gold Bug Monopolies, and a fair comparison of its news service (now being furnished over leased wires by the New York Sun, the Chicago Inter Ocean and the Northern Press Association) with that of any other paper, will fully verify its motto, "If you see it in the Dispatch it's so, and if it's so it is always in the Dispatch."

The Dispatch also has a staff of over 300 active correspondents in the South, and will POSITIVELY GUARANTEE MORE THAN DOUBLE THE SOUTHERN NEWS of any other Louisville paper. Get the Dispatch; it gives the news and tells the truth about it.

Daily, 8 pages; Sunday, 24 pages; Weekly, 8 pages. We club with the Weekly Dispatch at the remarkably low price of

\$1.00 a Year for Both Papers.

### FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT



A complete stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches, —\$5.00 to \$25.00, and Upward.

**FRED J. HEINTZ, Jeweler,**  
125 E. Main St., near Postoffice,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

**TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,**  
MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.  
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

Respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay you, checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

**Winchester Bank,**  
WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,19

### FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses, GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Huggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on

JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

**J. TAYLOR DAY,**  
Wholesale and Retail dealer in  
**General Merchandise, Lumber,**  
**Real Estate, &c.**

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

**J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

# Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade,  
At

**Louis & Gus Straus,**  
Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

**JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT** at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth \$25.00, at \$12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth \$4, at \$2 a suit. Beautiful blue and black cheviots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth \$10, at \$5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Straus Bros., Feckheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

The best Flannel-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth \$1.50.

You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

➔ **LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,** ➔  
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

**THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE**  
THE GREAT

**NATIONAL FAMILY**  
**NEWSPAPER**

And your favorite home paper.  
**THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD,**  
Both One Year for Only \$1.00.

THE N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE has an Agricultural Department of the highest merit, all important news of the Nation and World, comprehensive and reliable market reports, able editorials, interesting short stories, scientific and mechanical information, illustrated fashion articles, humorous pictures, and is instructive and entertaining to every member of every family.

**THE HERALD** gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

Send all orders to **THE HERALD.**

Send all orders to **THE HERALD.**

**KENTUCKY WESLEYAN ACADEMY**  
AT CAMPTON.

**HISTORY**  
First Winter session opened Jan. 6, 1896.—110 students enrolled.  
Second Winter session opened Jan. 4, 1897.—165 students enrolled.  
Third Winter session opened Jan. 11, 1898.—185 students enrolled.  
Fourth Winter session will open Jan. 3, 1899, (prospects excellent).  
(These enrollments do not include public school.)

**WHY IS THE K. W. A. SO SUCCESSFUL?**  
1st. We do not encourage deadbeats nor tolerate persons of bad habits.  
2nd. Those inclined to be untruthful, sporty or immoral are sent to other schools.  
3rd. The students that we encourage are those who are earnest, steady, and who mean business.  
4th. The moral and intellectual standard is high and improving from year to year.  
5th. It has proved to be a safe place for young people.

**FACULTY**  
E. E. BISHOP, C. E., Graduate N. I. N. S., Valparaiso, Ind.  
C. J. NUGENT, A. B., Graduate K. W. C., Winchester, Ky.  
Mrs. E. E. BISHOP, Graduate in Business and Stenography, Bowling Green, Ky.  
Miss DAISY POLLOCK, Instructor in Music—Piano, Organ, Guitar, and Voice Culture.  
Rev. H. O. MOORE, Lecturer.

Actual expenses lower than at any other school.  
Session closes day before teachers' examination in May.  
Send for winter announcement, or call and see for yourselves.

**E. E. BISHOP, Principal.**

**RHEUMATISM**  
Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEDICINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.



### Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

### Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## THE HERALD.

Judge G. B. Swango paid Ezel a flying visit Sunday.

Mrs. John H. Rose, who has been very ill for several days, is improving.

Curtis Quicksall spent Christmas with the old folks at home, near Ezel.

Dr. J. M. Kash reports one of Campbell Raiser's children as quite ill.

Our young friend, Edward Oney, has accepted a position with H. F. Pieratt.

A Mr. Walters, lumberman, of Clay City, was at the Day House Saturday night.

Wiley May and wife, of White Oak, spent Christmas with Dr. J. M. Kash, of this place.

Berry Pieratt and John Woolery, of Ezel, were pleasant visitors of our little city Sunday.

Nearly fifty new matriculates this week at the Academy, and many more are arranging to enroll soon.

J. A. Ward, representing J. A. Shuttleworth & Co., of Louisville, was interviewing our merchants Monday.

Curtis and Fred Swango left Tuesday for Charleston, Ill., after a two weeks' stay in the Kentucky mountains.

Rev. R. M. Lee and wife were pounded last Friday night, but we have not room for a list of the presents in this issue.

Jas. H. Swango, of Memphis, is expected home this week, and we understand he will soon locate in Terra Haute, Ind.

Dave Hogg, who has been living in the Indian Territory for some years past, was mixing with his friends here this week.

Bret and John Patrick, late of Ray, Texas, but recently of Mt. Sterling, Ky., were guests of their uncle, J. A. Taulbee, last week.

Among the visiting fascinating belles who honored the affair at the springs, we noticed Misses Lillie and Stella Rose of Lacy creek.

Born, to the wife of Willie Tibbs, of Lacy creek, on Christmas day, a boy. Dr. A. C. Nickell was the commissioner in the case.

The meeting on Lacy creek, conducted by the Revs. Adams and Pieratt, is still in progress and is reported as a very successful affair.

Several communications are unavoidably crowded out of this issue owing to the amount of matter already in type for last week's paper.

Curtis Rose, Shelley James and Misses Nannie Mapel and Lizzie Henry attended the Christmas tree and entertainment at Ezel Saturday night, the 24th.

E. A. Johnson, of South avenue, celebrated Christmas with a big dinner. Among those present from Hazel Green was the family of Dr. J. A. Taulbee.

Wm. H. Cord will preach at Daysboro on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All are invited to attend, and especially the members of the church are invited to be present.

Much of the matter in this issue was set up for our issue of last week, but the paper failing to reach us we did not print any paper, which accounts for its ancient appearance.

A surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Whaley Monday night was a most enjoyable affair in every particular, and voicing the sentiments of the participants it was an agreeable surprise to all.

**THINK** about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself **WELL**.

Jas. H. Swango, formerly of this place, was in Terre Haute, Ind., during the terrible fire at that place recently, and had a thrilling experience. While assisting in removing the stock of a store adjoining the burning building, the walls of the latter collapsed and precipitated 50 tons of brick to within ten feet of him. The doors of the building he was in became wedged and he was forced to make exit through a plate glass window, and he says the people of Terre Haute think he made better time in getting away from the building than was ever made on their famous fast race track. A falling brick tore out the top of his hat.

### La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by J. Taylor Day.

### THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS

Without the HERALD.

Curtis Wilson, of Co. D, Fourth Kentucky, now in camp at Anniston, Ala., came home Saturday on a 29 days' furlough. Some 20 others of each company were furloughed at the same time but he was the only Wolfe county boy who drew a prize. He is the picture of health at present, but says he has just recovered from a spell of the jaundice. He says all the Wolfe county boys are in fine health.

Dr. Breck Taulbee was summoned by telephone to see Mrs. Rollin Kash on Thursday, arrived here at 11 p. m., and at 1 a. m. Friday, assisted by Dr. J. A. Taulbee, performed an operation on her throat, with which she has been suffering for some weeks. Subsequently a second operation was performed, since which she has been improving. Dr. Taulbee left Saturday morning for his home at Mt. Sterling.

The people of Hazel Green should be proud of the good behavior here Christmas day. There was not a drunken man seen on the streets, nor was there any drinking indoors, so far as we have heard. Presumably everybody had a good dinner, either at home or with friends, and in the enjoyment of that they seemed content.

Monroe Stamper (Doc.) had his milch cow to stray away Saturday night, and he will be thankful for any information leading to her recovery, as she is the support of his children. The cow is a pale red with bald face, and will weigh about 800 or 1,000 pounds. Doc lives on the Cecil fork of Grassy.

Edgar Kash, of Toliver, had the misfortune to lose one of the wheels of his wagon on Sunday night, and he was thereby disappointed in his coal hauling operations. The miscreant is still unknown and the wagon wheel is still at large.

John E. Nickell, of Daysboro, is possessor of two yearling heifers, for which he has been offered \$50. And the gentleman who made the offer informed us that he would make it \$55 and take them. Come again, bluegrass.

By Its Record of remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla has become the one true blood purifier prominently in the public eye. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. 25c.

Born, to the wife of J. B. Elkins, Dec. 24, 1898, a boy—Stephen Andrew.

### Chronic Dyspepsia Cured.



**A**FTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 28 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nerve. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects. I keep them at hand and a single dose dispels any old symptoms." Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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### FALL 1898.

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### Red River Valley Railway Co.'s

## TIME CARD.

28 Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

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I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

## LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L. Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired.

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L. Park Hotel.

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A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for FIVE CENTS. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of this strongest version (48 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 19 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (12 tablets) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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## WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on What Our Lives Should Be.

The Object of Our Existence Down to the End Should Be Action—Paradise Is Only for the Workers.

Washington, Nov. 13. — To all those who feel that they have no special mission in the world, this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text, John xviii, 37: "To this end was I born."

After Pilate has suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put into a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the excretion with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man, when he was in full life and power, that Christ was arraigned as in the court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is to-day enthroned, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of Heaven. That is what he came for and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches 15 years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brains of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scroled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for and you answered "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or your grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end I was born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be 80 years off. And besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God; and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The

reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any implication of Divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the Astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out: "Bring me a telescope!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books are standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying: "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and Heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of lands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I should say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh, man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except Heaven, and would outlive all Heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes

nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on the mount of consecration or in the valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "To this end was I born."

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the worldwide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shagar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have! Show me the field, and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and revelled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at 16 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries, but after awhile I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work; but one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself: "If I have an especial work to do in the world, I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions! Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere! Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are 1,600,000,000 people in the world, then there are 1,600,000,000 different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least 1,599,000,000 possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I came to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him; if he had consumption they bled him; if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age I conclude that the life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more premium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wiser acquaintance with the laws of health and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived 700 and 800 years the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banded up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence

my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago, but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so, I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, so or 120 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into Heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides and all the volcanoes extinguished and all the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where Heaven is, if we can only get there; whether a gardenized America or an emparadised Europe or a world central to the whole universe, "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism, and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled, and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, O ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in; the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let Heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel oneself born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer take Heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

## A LITTLE NONSENSE

Claribel—"They say he is worth half a million, at the least!" Matie—"How I should like to be his widow."—Boston Transcript.

Citizen—"You've lynched the wrong man!" Chairman of Vigilance—"Not well, I suppose the drinks is on me, then!"—Detroit Journal.

Big Head—"What are you going to call your new paper—'Home and Fireside'?" Jumpup—"No, 'Flat and Steam Heater.'"—Town Topics.

"It seems strange to hear the ocean roar." "Why so?" "One would think that such an immense volume of water would drown the noise."—Answers.

In a Book Store—"Have you a book entitled 'Short Road to Wealth?'" "Certainly; and I suppose you'll want a copy of the penal code, too?"—Fleegende Blaetter.

"I notice that they are building a vessel that will steam 45 knots an hour," said the first cousin of the Esteemed Idiot. "Isn't it easy to untie a sailor knot without steaming it?"—Chicago Sun.

A Washington clergyman was told by the sexton that the church was on fire. "Very well," replied the parson, "I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Aunt—"Whom does your new little sister most look like, your father or your mother?" Little Emma—"Both; she has no teeth—that's like mother, and she's hairless, like popper."—Toronto World.

## GHOSTS IN GREENLAND.

A Yarn Which Relates to Skulls Secured by Lieut. Peary for Chicago.

The following story of the supernatural is told by a member of Lieut. Peary's Arctic expedition:

The Greenland section was partly subsidized by several scientific societies on the understanding that skulls and skeletons and botanical and geological specimens should be secured for their various museums. Six Eskimo skeletons were promised to the Chicago world's fair authorities in return for a grant toward the Peary expedition. Eskimo skeletons are rare, especially of those types known as the "Arctic Highlanders," and as the Eskimos are a superstitious people our endeavors to obtain skulls and skeletons by legitimate purchase failed utterly, and we had to steal them.

When the Kite sailed from Godhavn we had 13 fine skulls aboard, and one of our bunks was converted into a regular graveyard, each specimen being separately bagged, securely sealed and the cabin carefully locked.

After the shipping of 13 skulls we encountered terrible weather. The crew meanwhile had their suspicions as to "uncanny" influences aboard, and one morning at breakfast an officer told a strange yarn. He said he was on watch during the night, when he noticed a kayak paddled by an Eskimo alongside the vessel. It was bad weather, and he knew it must be a ghostly kayak, for no such craft could have been out 50 miles from the land on such a night. Added to which he stated that the kayaker had no difficulty in keeping up with the ship. The Eskimo hailed the watch and kept waving and beckoning with mysterious gestures and a threatening tone in his exclamations. Suddenly he vanished, to reappear alongside a few minutes later, hailing the ship with a mournful wail. The sky was lit up by the vivid northern lights, so the officer stated that he saw distinctly what subsequently took place.

Out of the hatchway came a procession of six Eskimos walking noiselessly along the poop deck. They passed through the bulwark—not over it—and vanished. The kayaker disappeared at the same time. The scientific party left the breakfast table and went to the locked graveyard bunk. Six of the skulls were missing from the bags. The seals were unbroken and were apparently the same that we had affixed. The remaining bones and skulls, with the chief's skeleton, are now the property of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. The six missing skulls have never been heard of. Most of the crew refused to go another voyage in the Kite, which they declared was haunted by "Huskies" in search of their desecrated bones.

I give you the story just as it occurred. We cannot explain it. If the crew had conspired to steal the bones to "lay" the "Husky" ghosts, why did they take only six skulls, and how did they manage not to disturb the seals? The abstraction of the skulls made no difference—so the sailors declared—to the "Husky" apparitions with which they said the ship was constantly haunted.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Hospitality.

Lady of the House (to Bore, who generally calls just as she is about to go shopping)—Won't you let me ring for a little refreshment for you?

Bore—I think I'll take a little something just before I go.

"Oh, then, do have it now!"—Punch.

## Usurpation.

Crawford—Prize fighters seem to be particularly unfortunate in their married lives.

Crabshaw—No wonder. They don't give the women a chance to talk.—Town Topics.



WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISED  
Please state that you saw the Advertis-  
ment in this paper.



### How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand 24 hours: a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

### WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

### COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

### GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

A. R. Graham lost a very good mule a few days since; cause unknown.

Christmas is now on. Good time for the merchants to sell candies, fire crackers, etc.

Mrs. Caroline Johnson and Powell Brewer, of Frazee Creek, were shopping at Daysboro yesterday.

W. L. Goss and John Kish have been in Magoulin and other counties for three weeks teaching vocal music, and have not yet returned.

The sad news reached us yesterday that our old friend Wm. Barchfield, of Boone fork of Frazee Creek, had been mortally hurt by a sled load of corn upsetting on him, and he was thought to be dying. Later—He is still alive, but just talking.

Andrew Wilson, who moved west some 12 months since, is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity. He didn't like the west and has moved back to old Kentucky with his family, having located at Ford, on the Kentucky river, where he bought a farm.

Still they marry and will until the Angel Gabriel blows his last trumpet. Married, on the 22nd inst., Elmer Little to Miss Sada Smith, Rev. H. H. Little officiating. And on the same day John Banks to Miss Lorraine Spencer, Rev. E. W. Minton officiating.

Dec. 21.

### USUAL REMS.

### TOLIVER TOPICS.

B. F. Boling went to West Liberty Thursday on business.

James Moore has moved to the farm of Doc Murphy.

Garland Dennis, of Hazel Green, spent Christmas on Chapel branch.

Bethel Carter, of Wellington, was in Toliver last week on business.

Mrs. Sarah Elkins has been confined to her home for some time with grip but is some better.

Howard Mannin has bought a farm on the Runby fork of Beaver, and will move to it soon.

Henry Clay Ward, of Toliver, spent Christmas with relatives and friends in Morgan county.

Ye scribe met Edward Taulbes Monday at Hazel Green, and after a hearty handshake all was well.

Doc Murphy has moved to his farm on Grassy creek, and seems to be well pleased with his situation.

Misses Lou Catron and Nannie Mannin, of Toliver, will attend school at Hazel Green Academy this winter.

Several of the young folks attended the Christmas tree at Maytown Saturday evening, and all seemed to enjoy it.

J. M. Henry, W. W. Swango and Randolph Mannin have just returned from Cincinnati, where they have been to buy goods for the firm of Henry, Swango & Co.

Dec. 25.

### SHINER.

### SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

Welcome and cheer for the new year. Harry Swango made a business trip to Campton Saturday.

Albert Black, of White Oak, was calling on his best girl Saturday night.

Henry and Forrest Cecil, of Grassy, were the guests of Rush Swango Sunday.

Misses Stella and Lillie Rose, of Lacy Creek, in company with their brother Curtis gave us a pleasant visit Saturday and Sunday.

Fred, Rush and Curtis Swango made a flying visit to Campton Friday, returning Saturday accompanied by Harry Combs of that place and plenty of mud.

Samuel Cecil, of Visita, Indian Ty., arrived here Thursday for a two weeks' stay among his many relatives in and around this vicinity, this being his first visit since he left here some eighteen years past.

Dec. 26.

### The Laborer is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,

A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

### MORGAN COUNTY.

### CONSOLATION CHAT.

Mort Cecil killed eight quails at one shot Saturday.

D. B. Lacy and Harry Perkins were guests of E. F. Cecil Christmas.

C. C. Gillaspie sold to James Havens one three months' old calf for \$16.

Rev. Wm. H. Chambers has been chosen to preach at Consolation during the ensuing year.

Pickett Motley, who has been in Ohio at work for three months, returned home just in time for Christmas.

Your scribe had the pleasure of seeing a Christmas tree in the parlor at O. W. Cecil's home. It was indeed the grandest sight that ye scribe ever saw.

There was a corn husking at Jesse Oldfields Thursday and a social at night, in which the young folks enjoyed their selves until 10 o'clock. Then all were dismissed except Kelly Gillaspie and E. L. Blankenship, and they stayed more.

### MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

School was dismissed Friday for the holidays.

Arch Childers and family spent Christmas in town.

Born, to the wife of Henry Murphy, near this place, last week, a girl.

W. H. Nickell attended the Christmas tree at Hazel Saturday night.

Miss Pearl Swango spent Christmas with Miss Lizzie Henry, of this place.

Miss Lola Young, while playing with some other girls Sunday evening was ac-

identally pushed off a high porch, and fractured her shoulder.

The distribution of presents at the Christmas tree in the church passed off quietly.

Mrs. Jordan Willis and Mrs. Judy Bolin have been on the sick list for the past week.

C. F. Day, who has been at Jackson for the past two weeks, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Em Trimble, of Wolfe county, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Willis, last week.

Rev. Tyler will begin a protracted meeting at the M. E. church south this (Monday) evening.

Miss Leona Phelps, who has been visiting in Bath county for some time, is expected home this week.

Uncle Andy Swango, near this place, died Thursday, the 22nd, and was buried Friday by the Masonic fraternity.

Misses Dora Crain, Lillie Hamby and Alice Murphy, of Clifty, attended the Christmas tree Saturday evening.

Joe Pietatt has bought a part of Jordan Willis' farm, and Mr. Willis bought J. D. Spaulding's town property.

Charley Lyons and Han Hackney, of Frenchburg, were in town a few days last week, the guests of N. B. Lyons.

R. A. Childers had a family Christmas tree Sunday morning, which re scribe had the pleasure of attending. Among those present were R. A. Childers and family, John Oakley and family, Mrs. Sarah Willis and little daughter Ruth, Uncle Wash Childers and wife, Jeff Oakley, James Childers, Mrs. Willie Robinson and daughter, Aunt Esther and Miss Caroline Tutt, Misses Ida Murphy and Nannie Day. The tree was well loaded with nice presents for all, and the little folks marched into the room two and two to the music of the organ. It was quite an enjoyable affair, and all report an enjoyable time.

### To the Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for la grippe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 cents and 50c per bottle. Try it. J. Taylor Day.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state, D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-47.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Ware left Saturday for Lexington, where they will reside temporarily. They have not yet decided just where they will locate, but wherever that may be they will have the wishes of a host of friends here for their future happiness and prosperity.

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### Commissioner's Notice.

WOLFE CIRCUIT COURT.  
H. C. Hurst, &c., Plaintiffs,  
against  
W. L. Hurst, Exr., &c., Defendants.  
Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel Hurst, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Wolfe Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at the Circuit Court Clerk's office in Campton, Ky., on the 3rd day of January, 1899, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and settle the accounts between the parties hereto; and will also make a settlement with W. L. Hurst, Executor of Samuel Hurst, and will continue my sittings from day to day (Sundays excepted) until the same shall have been completed.  
J. F. VANSANT, M. C. W. C. C.

ROLLIN A. KASH,  
ATTORNEY-at-LAW,  
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